

EPIGRAMMES.

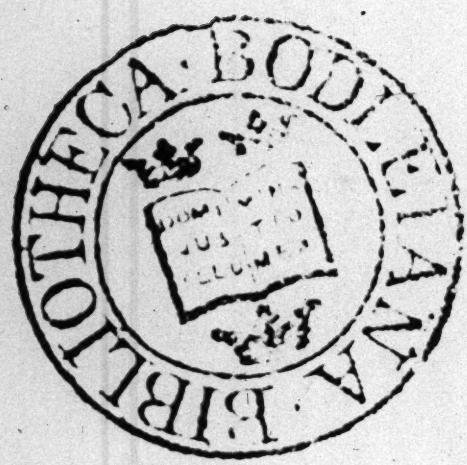
Serued out in 52. feuerall
*Dishes for euery man to
tast without surfeiting.*

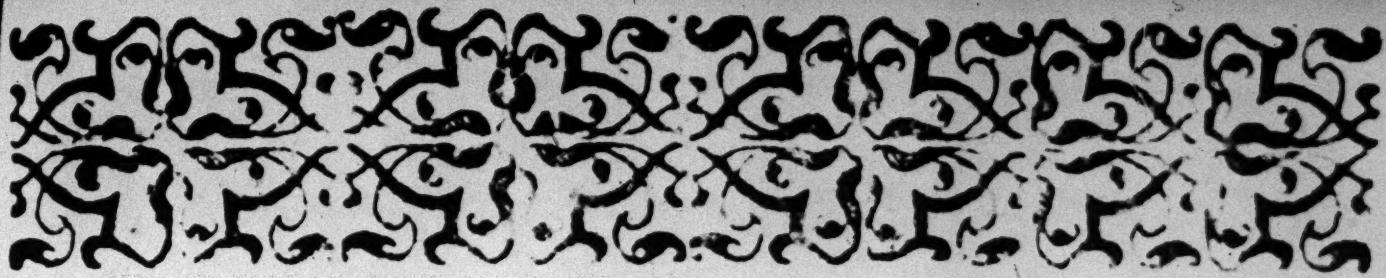
Modicum non nocet.

By I.C. Gent.



LONDON
Printed by G. Elde, for W.C. and are
to be soldc at his Shop neere
vnto Ludgate.





To the Iudicious, Enuious and foolish Reader.



O you al: but to thee Iudicious Reader, as most respected, I submit my tuelue nightes em-
fles, (for so I may truely call
them) being then made in-
stead of Christmas Carrols;
I know thou sha' i finde manie errors in them, but
I will not intreate thee to mend them, being too
great a taske for thee, and my selfe hat' forborne
to doe it. I publish them not to purchace fame,
nor reward, for I protest I haue beene as carlesse
in writing them, as any reader can be in reading
them, therefore I would desire thee to thinke cha-
ritably. As for you enuious Reader, I know your
malice

The Epistle.

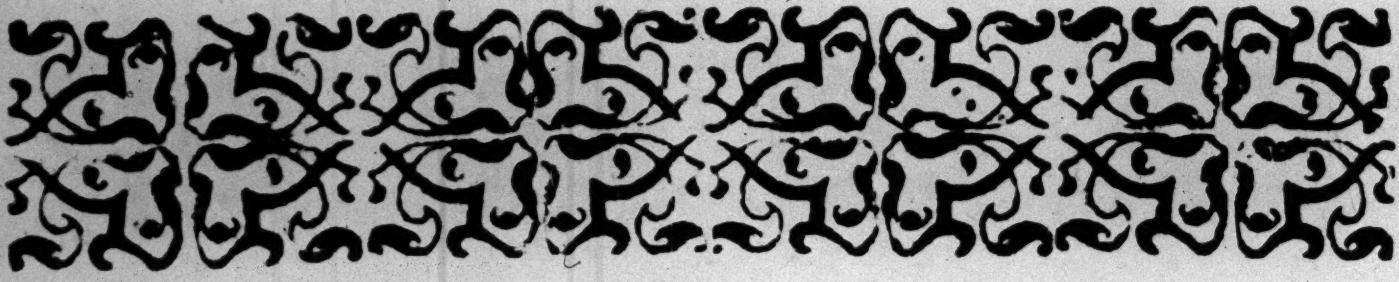
mallice and ignorance is such, that were they the
choicest flowers that grow upon the mount of Per-
nallus you would spitte your poysen upon them,
therfore I haue preuented you and sent you netles.
But for my simple plaine dealing Reader, I know if
he could here but a baudie iest he'd grin like his
owne picture, and sweare he had a good wit that
made it, (I would be loath he shoulde be forsworne)
yet I shal stil hold him himselfe when he has spoke
his best of me. But to my first Reader againe, the
Romanes in their Epigrames did use the true
names of those they write of, and our Epigrami-
stis do borrow their names of them, but I haue
vsed bastard names, such as my fancie was fa-
ther of, not waying whether they were pro-
per to the nature of the Epigrame, as
indeede there is no such ne-
cessitie. So fare-
well.



Epigrams.

I.

THeres an out-landish man now newly landed,
With rare inuentions, rich conceited tires:
From Court vnto the City he is bandied,
To shew his wares which suddenly inspires.
The inconstant fancie of the foolish buyers,
The price is great, therefore the wares the better,
Halfe on't downe paid, halfe on't remaine his debtor
And this superfluous waste expence in spending,
Makes Courtiers euer borrowing, never lending.
Yet Ladies best speed when thy spend most of all
For spend they nere so much their wastes still small.



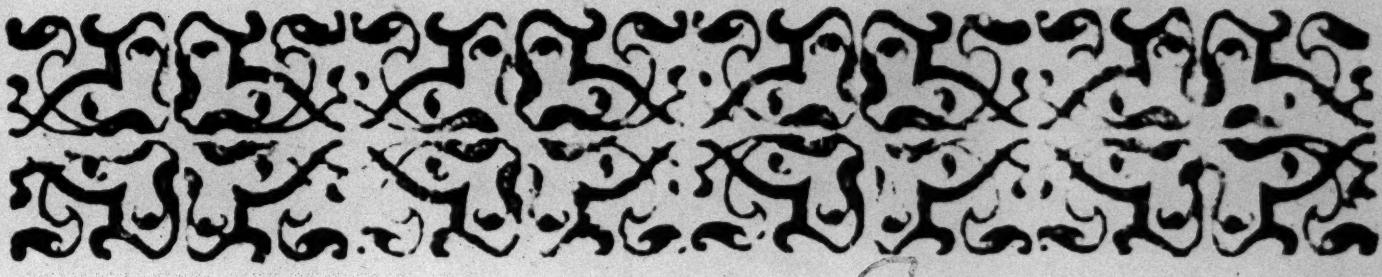
Epigrammes.

2

THIS straunger now is sent for to the Cittie,
Where he does shew some reliue of a fashion:
A great ruffe rare, a little one that's pretty,
Another excelent with alteration.
The Citty Damsels giue more and pay better:
That I conclude your Citties wautes are greater.

Pbilo



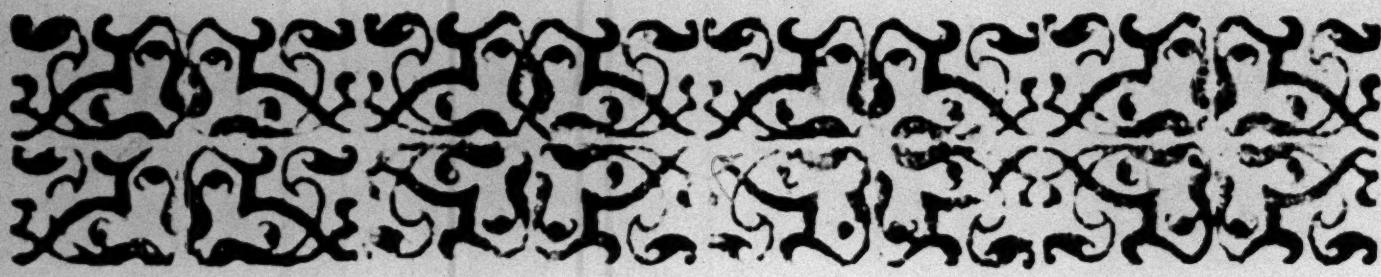


Epigrammes.

3

Philo is icalous and to his wife would proue,
That in a little icalousse dwels much loue:
Which in her eare so often he did cric,
That she at last began to edefie.
And said deare husband henceforth I will be:
More icelous ouer you then you of me.
Which he like well and wisht it would be so:
And now with lesse mistrust from home doth go.
The whilst some friend steps in then doth she teare,
And still is icalous *Philo* thou art neare.





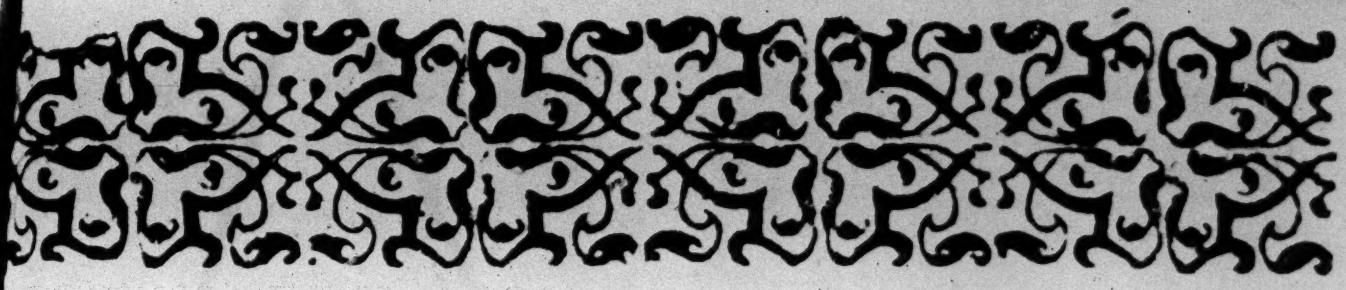
Epigrames.

4.

A Madbraine vickar in a desperate moode, (good
Would sometimes sware to play at dice was
And he himselfe would venter many a crowne,
Amongst his best parishioners in the Towne.
The vicar lost, yet knew no reason why:
Vnlesse there were quick-siluer in the Die.
The Die was broake, quick-siluer there was none,
Yet was the vickars siluer quickly gone.

Time



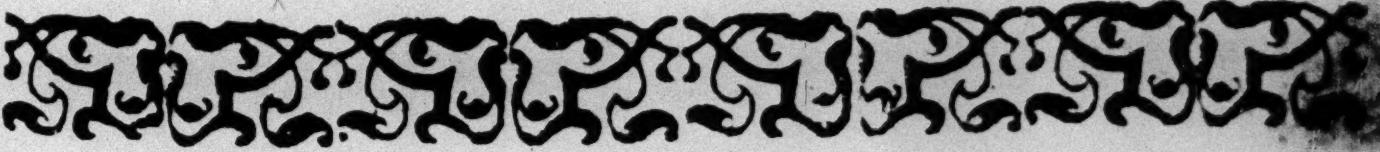


Epigrames.

8

W^Hat Gallant's this atir'd all in blacke,
It is no Courtier sure, nor what do you lacke,
Some ordinary Gallant ten to one,
That liueth idly here about the Towne,
What is it he, I know him tis a Gull,
Thats conicatcht by euery scuruy trull,
His father's lately dead and he is heire,
Of large possessions and reuenues faire,
I haue heard some say, great Lorckships to him fall,
Yet this I am sure his maners are but small.

An.





Epigrames.

9.

A Nother Gallant who was light of heele,
Would take vpon him for to runne with any,
For he had run round about fortunes wheele,
And neuer yet was he out ran by any,
He ran, and ran, some twenty yeares together,
And neuer lookt behinde him, till he met,
A Seriant at the shoulder, clad in leather,
Then he perceiur'd how he had runne in debt,
And now began to stay, yet he must on,
En'e faire and sofily vnto prison.





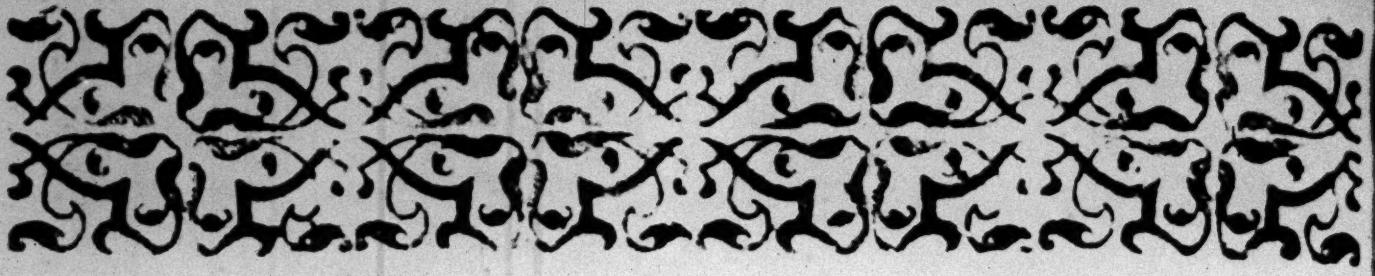
Epigrammes.

10.

Varius the traveller who doth not know,
That has bin further than any map can show,
Or ventious Drak, Hawkins, or Furbisher;
None ere receiu'd like grace of the Emperor,
The Sophi: & he sworne brothers, twas his lot,
To drinke carouse in Solymans owne pot,
Yet here he staid not long, but still went on,
To take acquaintance of great Praester John,
Where he was welcome, and it was his chance,
To kisse his empresse, and with his daughter dance,
His lies are monstrous great, and yet but young,
Gargantua sure was father of his Tounge.

A





Epigrams.

11

A Pretty Creature of the lightest fashion,
Was early once invited to a mariage,
Before the Cocke had giuen l. Strelawon,
Of the worlds beauty binner on his carriage,
Up she was got, and got vnto her Truncke,
Wherin complexions were that better'd natures,
The very Daft-andowne-cilly of a Puncke,
Besides her Art puts downe Venetian features,
But now, either because of hast, or want of light,
Painted her face all red and her lips whight.

Who





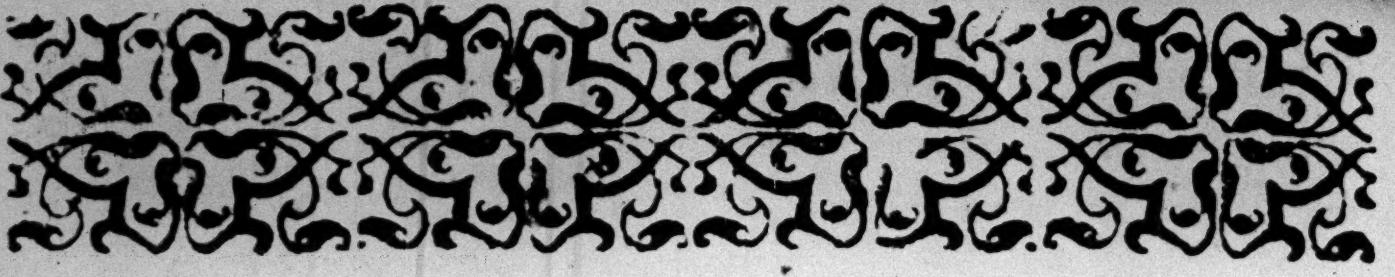
Epigrams.

12

WHO er'e will go vnto the presse may see,
The hated Fathers of vilde balladrie,
One sings in his base note the Riuer Thames,
Shal sound the famous memory of noble king *James*
Another sayes that he will to his death,
Sing the renowned worthinesse of sweet *Elizabeth*,
So runnes their verse in such disordered straine,
And with them dare great maiesty prophane,
Some dare do this, some other humbly craues,
For helpe of spirits in their sleeping graues,
As he that calde to *Shakespeare, John Jonson, Greene*,
To write of their dead noble Queene,
But he that made the Ballads of oh hone,
Did wondrous well to whet the buyer on,

B

These



Epigrammes.

These fellowes are the flaunderers of the time,
Make ryming hatefull through their bastard rime.

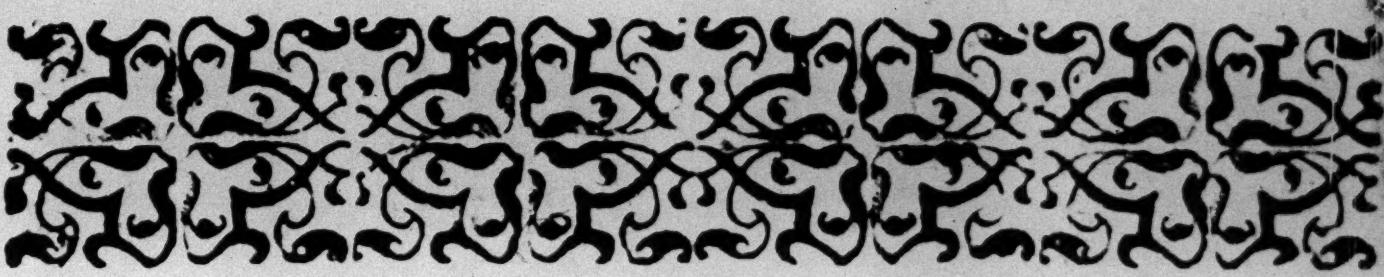
But were I made a iudge in poetry,
They all should burne for their vilde heresie.

13.

Clodio some for thy feather take thee for a horse
All for an Ass if thou but once discourse.

When





Epigrames.

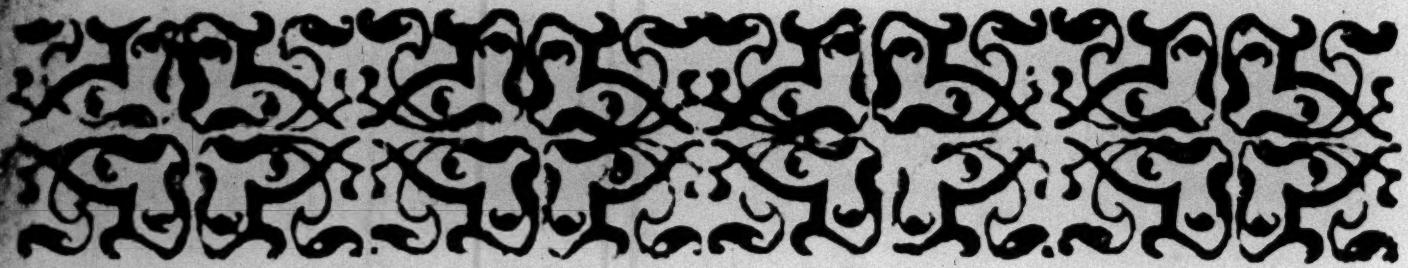
14

WHen Gatra died great store of wealth was foud
In cofers, truncks, great chests, & leather bags,
In cubberds, hampers, and vaults vnder ground,
Jewels wrapt vp (in pollicie) with rags.
Some say he got more then the begger did,
That was so ritch and excellent at the trade,
Others thinke devils mong'st his Angels hid,
Who vp to the necke in Common-wealth did wade
He was no Marchant beater of the burie,
Nor neuer pleading at the barre did braule,
Yet he found meanes to bumbast out his purse,
For many say he got the devill and all,
Well say he did, it seemes he let him goe,
But now the diuell has him hele not do so.

B 2

Here





Epigrammes.

An Epita.

HEre lyes the man who dyed in paine,
Yet would haue liu'd to haue dyed againe,

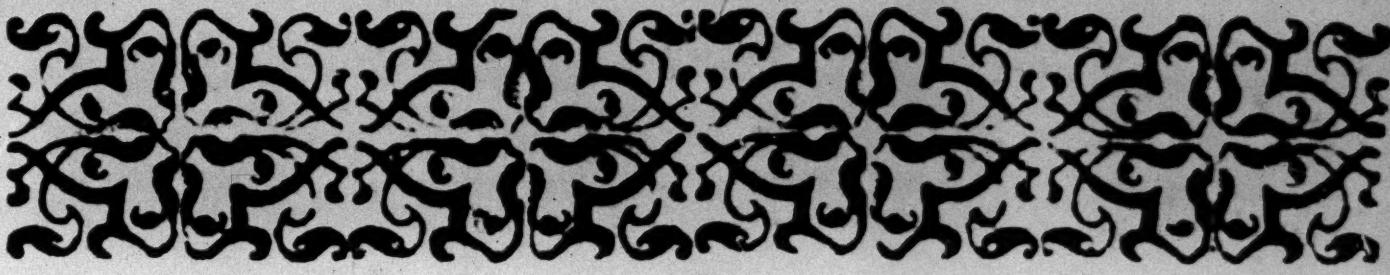
Of Stone the Iester.

15

LOoke at what time Pomgranets do wax scant,
At the same time Stone witty iestes doth want,
Then gainst Paules pillers or some other post,
He leanes to finde his chapman whole giue mest.
I ofteentimes and others muse at it,
So great a head should haue so little wit,
The miracles not so great the iest once knowne,
Who i'st would looke for wit in any Stone.

I





Epigrames.

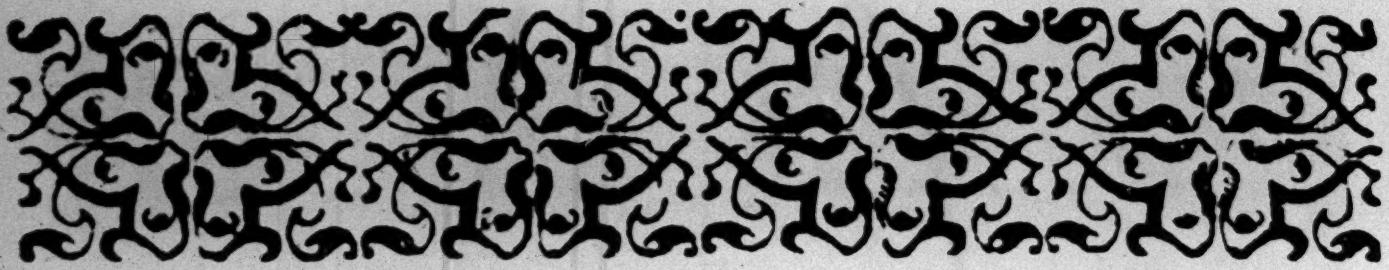
16

I Gaue Coxhead more title to his name,
I And cal'd him Coxcombe for his greater fame,
But he was angry, was he not a mome ?
Who euer saw Coxhead without a Combe.

B 3

clo.





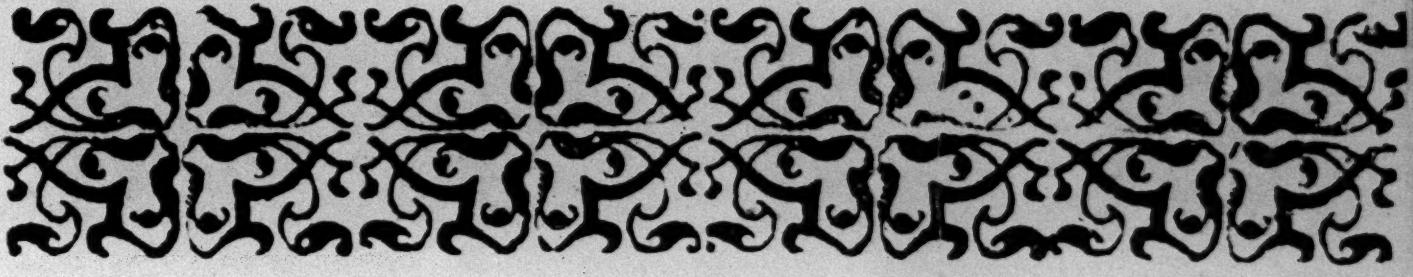
Epigrammes.

17

CLogo is knighted, but he knowes not by whom,
Sayes twas by a fine man and in a fine roome,
Well fare his wife yet, who is not such a babie,
But knowes what foole it was made her a Lady.

If





Epigrames.

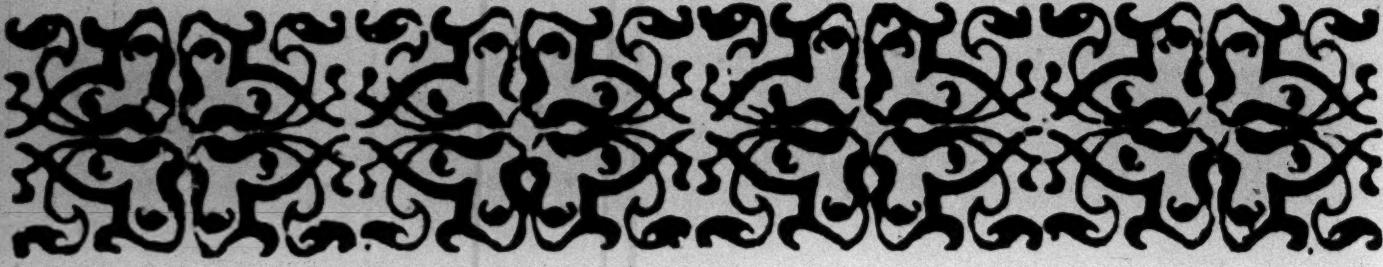
18

If any man looke but on *Dabus* wife,
He is straight a Cuckolde he dares lay his life,
But if one talke with her then it is so,
Though all the sooth-sayers in the Towne say no,
But if you kisse her ay then he is vp in blood,
And sweares she beares two faces vnder one hoode.

B.4

All





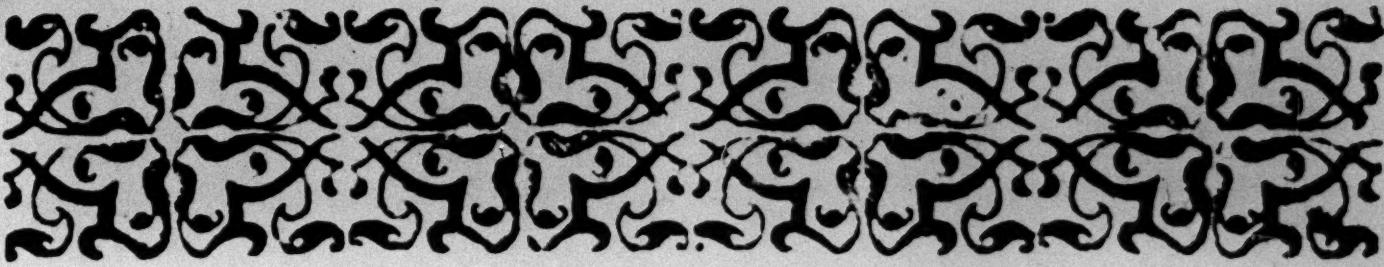
Epigrams.

19

All Sims valour consists in his Tounge,
He swore full mouth'd oathes,
He'd pocket vp no wrong,
When we that were with him,
Beleft him soone.
For wrongfullly he did pocket vp,
A guilt siluer spoone.

Vn-





Epigrammes.

20

VNconstant Fortune partall in thy guifts,
Who put's poore gentle men vnto their shifts,
And crossest them, and them vncrosse againe,
For to be crost you know is a hellish paine,
But to be vncrost, why ti's ten times worse,
To haue more siluer on the sword then purse.

Why





Epigrammes.

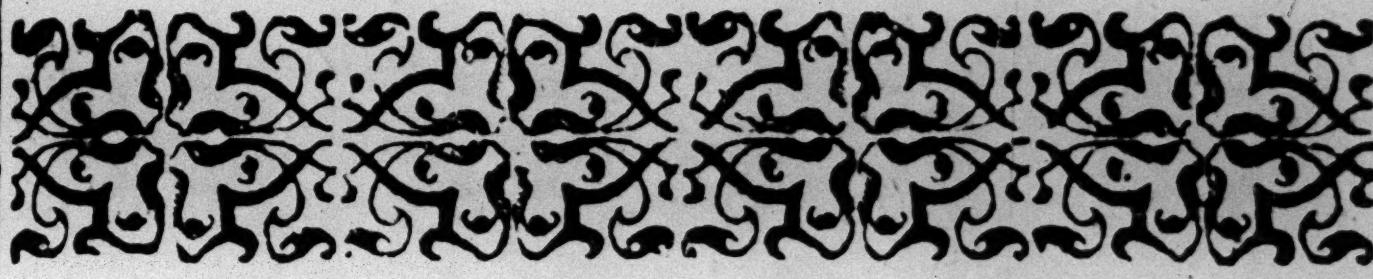
21

WHY is base Nemius iudged to be ritch,
Because he lookes so grim and weares seale
Or cause he buyes cominodities of Fish, (rings,
Of Cheese, of Butter and such other things,
Or ist because he talkes of Bondes and Billes,
Of Leases, and of morgaging of Land,
Of Lordships, Mannors, and of making willes,
Of many paunes that lie vpon his hand,
Or is't because like a great Alderman,
He weares a gown lac't round, laid down with furre,
Or miser like a pouch where neuer man,
Could thrust his finger but this Island curte.

All these are signes that he is not belyed,
And yet he has ten thousand markes beside.

Moun-





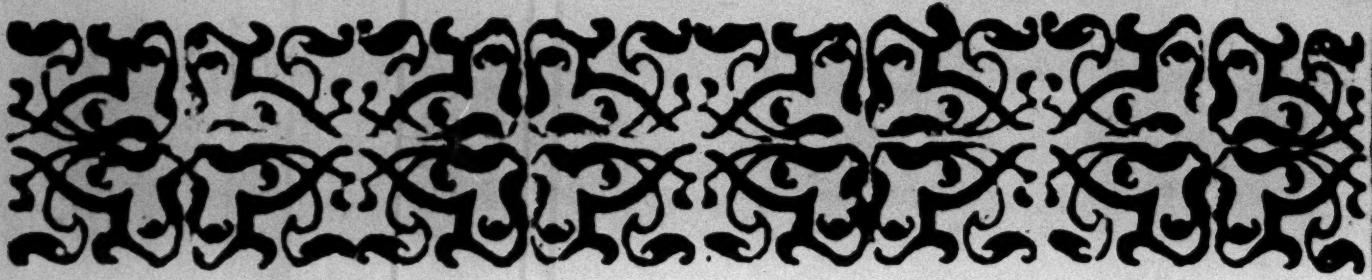
Epigrames.

22

*M*ounsir Montaignis to the Tailor owes,
Some forty shillings for his swaggering hose,
Taylor for mony came, *Mounsir* was ill,
Could not endure to looke vpon his bill,
The Taylor seeing that did him this grāce,
To leauc his bill behinde but brought a mace.

If



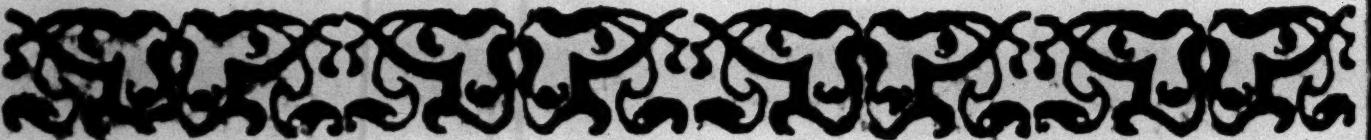


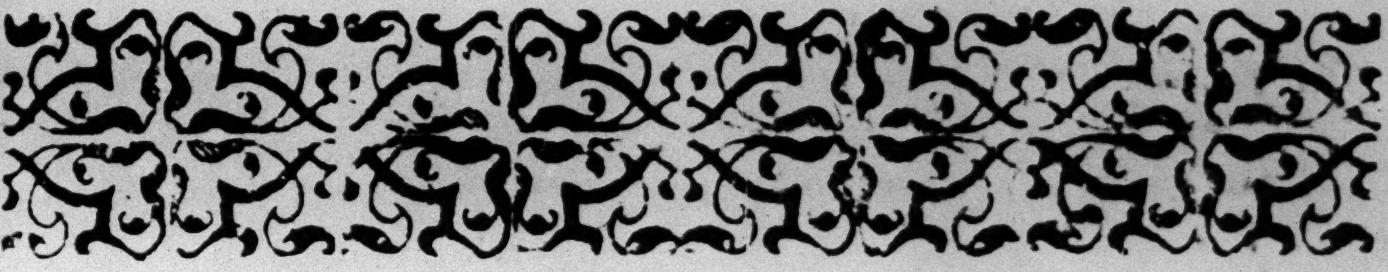
Epigrames.

23

If any man of monsters chance to talke,
Or big boand Gianes that this land did walke,
Cacus steps forth and telles you of his Sire,
And his long may-pole legs which reached higher,
Then strong imagination will giue leaue,
Or probability of truth receiue,
Tis but to signifie vnto this age,
His monstrous birth and high borne parentage,

Si





Epigrammes.

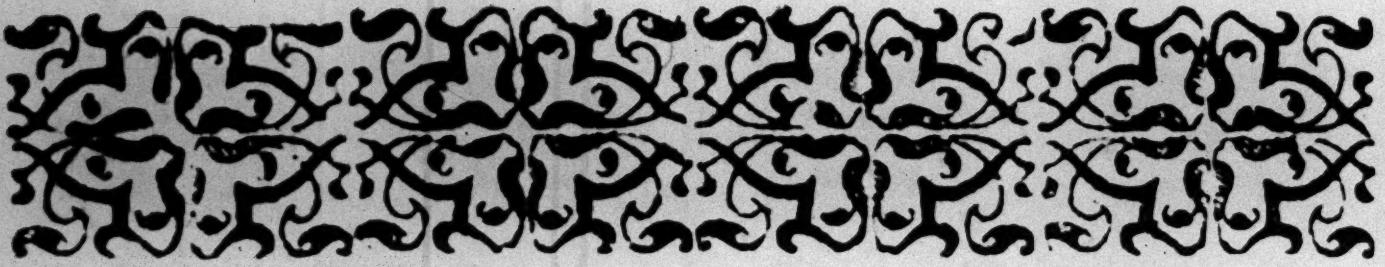
28.

*L*ais all of deformity is compact,
Splay- footed, beerie- brow'd, crook't- backe,
I ask't her how it came she answers all,
When she was yong by an vnhappy fall:
But *Lais*, *Lais*, you might auoyded well,
The fall you had which made your belly swell.

C

Ia-





Epigrames.

29

IAmus the ritch fat vsurer desir'd,
To be a knight and yet was loach to giue,
The compleate summe which of him was requir'd,
And once a yeare a feast while he did liue.
Ambition yet gaue couetousnes a blow,
That stroke two hundred pounds out of his purse,
But of his knighthood such great charge doth grow
That he repents of what he did disburse,
And wisely now his knighthood doth compare,
To pickle herring or tough martlemas beise,
(Which being eaten not for common faire)
Though it be ready bought yet playes the theefe,
meaning as those salt meates do steale down drinke
So doth his knight-hood steale aw ay his chinke.

A





Epigrames.

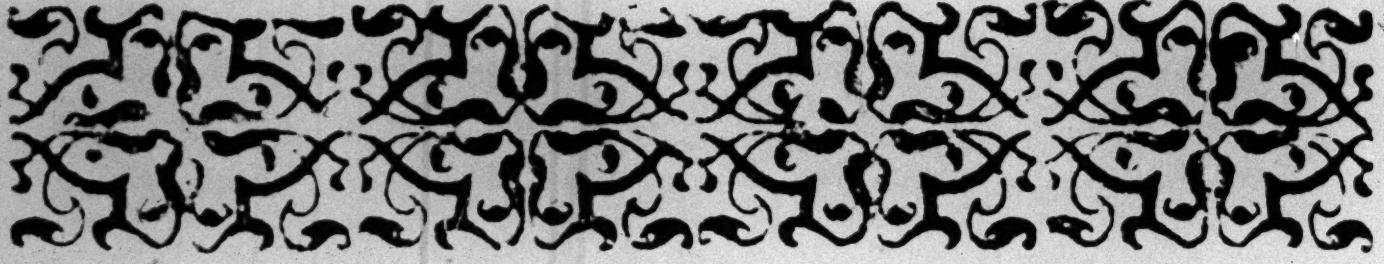
30

A Foole saith *Clinius* euery one would make him
I thinke they haue don't for so al men take him
Ti's marle they will offer being so common a rule,
For him himselfe, to make himselfe a foole.

C 2

Lord





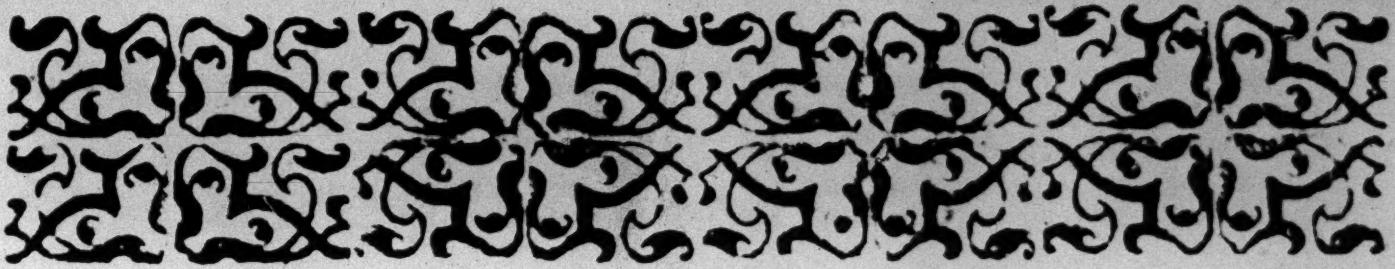
Epigrames.

31

Lord what a colle there was to be a Lady,
By misris Wood beon a gentlewoman,
Wife to yong *Harry boldfast*, Knight that may be,
Nay will be, though his fathers but a yeoman
Madnes has ceas'd on his wifes troubled braine,
Because the present time she was no Lady,
He seekes to comfort her and ease her paine,
She does not like this shall be nor this may be,
Shall *Mankin milke-maide* her high words exalt,
In chery place before me I abhorre it,
Whose fresh gen illity was pickt from malt,
What reason law or conscience haue you for it,
Away he went in hast, home knighted came,
And she was turnd from a mad dame to madam.

IH-





Epigrames.

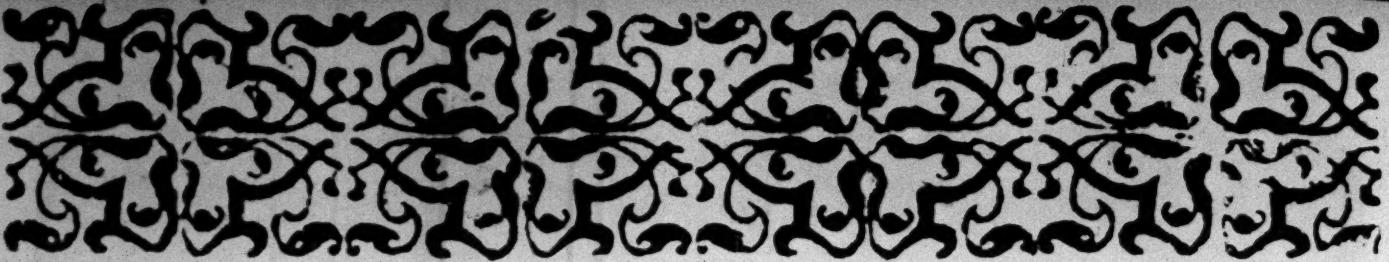
23

FYRIUS a louer was, and had loving fits,
He lou'd so madly that he lost his wits,
Nay he lost nought yet grant I he was mad,
How could he loose that which he never had.

C 3

When





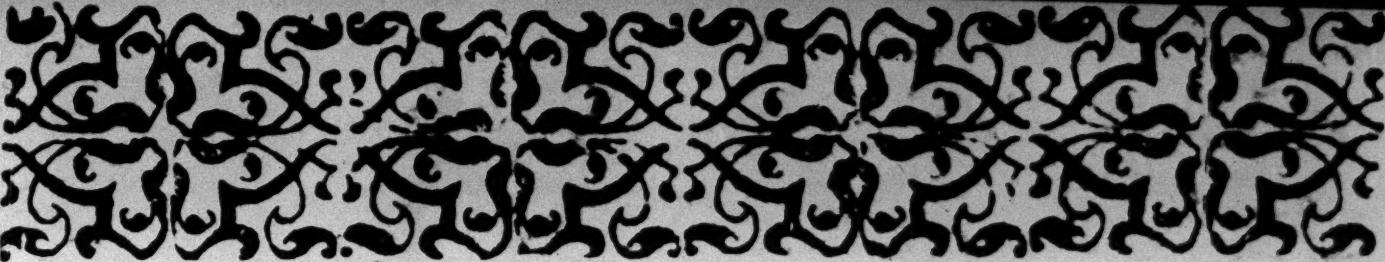
Epigrammes.

33

WHen Muske & Ciuer two nere kinsmen meete,
Each other in the middle Ile of Panles,
Straight they encounter with embraces sweete,
From head vnto the foote each other falles,
The ile daunce a galliard out in complement,
And chaine each other to the bosome fast,
Then say their prayers in curt sie and repent,
The negligence that hath betweene them past,
Then breath a while, without a word make stay.
Salute a fresh againe and so away.

✓a-





Epigrames.

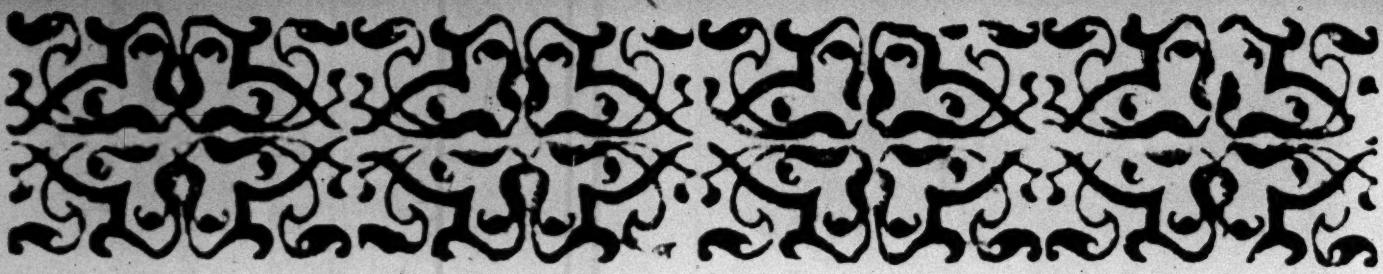
34.

A Curious Gallant chanc't to haue a sight,
Of these slight Epigrames first infancie,
Who Pedunt wise did tax them (not for spight)
Of their lame harsh vnmeasurd quantities,
They halt not so to lie vpon the parish,
As much to say vpon the Printers hand,
The hole hath promised the lame to cherish,
But now he findes two Adiectiues to stand,
Ioyned together that small fault or none,
One Adiectiue can neuer stand alone,

C. 4

Death





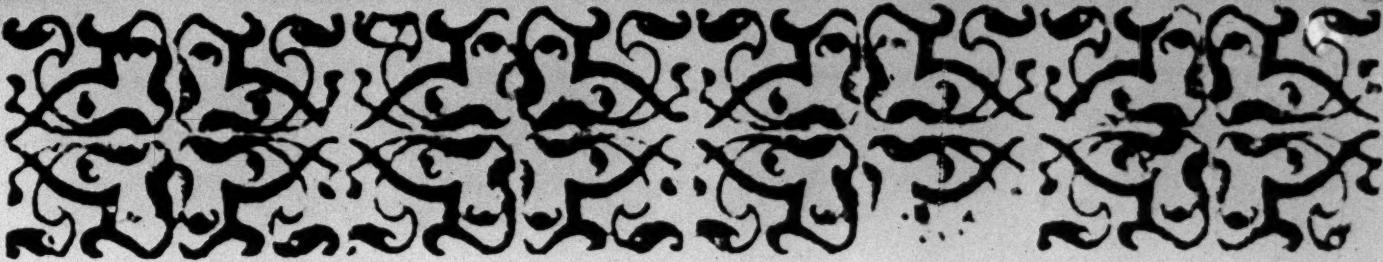
Epigrammes.

An Epitath upon Singer.

DEach was so helde his dayes to shorren,
Who altogether liu'd by fortune.

Syl-





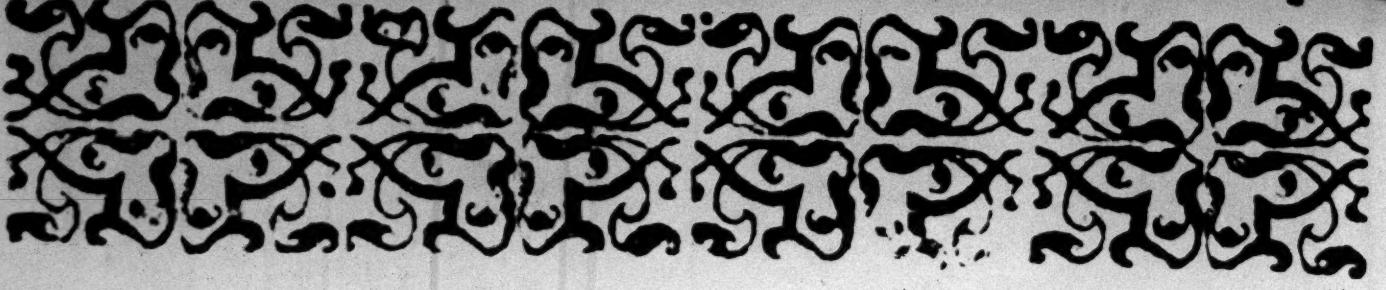
Epigrames.

35

Sylla hath many parts that blase her fame,
All do not know her that know her name,
She Makes a Lute speake in his airy voice,
Will force sad melancholies selfe ieloyce,
The Syrens tunes bewitching Trauailer,
Themselves would be bewitched should they here her
Daunces without compare, paints best in Towne,
Yet for all this I know one puts her downe.

A





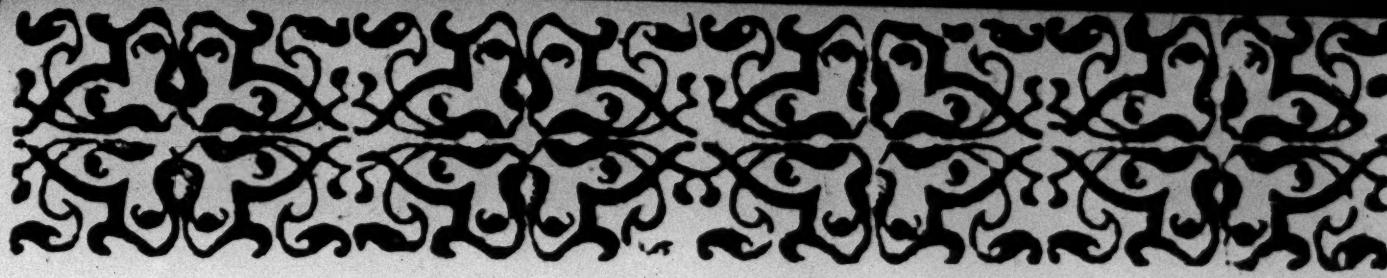
Epigrames.

36

A Worthy Lady of great eminence,
Who holds all borrowed beauty in disdaine,
Out of whose wisedome shines her excellencie,
The Muses are attendant on her traïne,
And they doe her and she doth them sustaine,
Her acute iudgement did vouchsafe to reede,
An Epigrame which this Booke doth containe,
And pai'd in words what she will pay in deed,
(For Ladies nere make promises in vaine)
Were so much giuen for one ist not a fall,
That for a Testier(Reader)thou hast all.

The



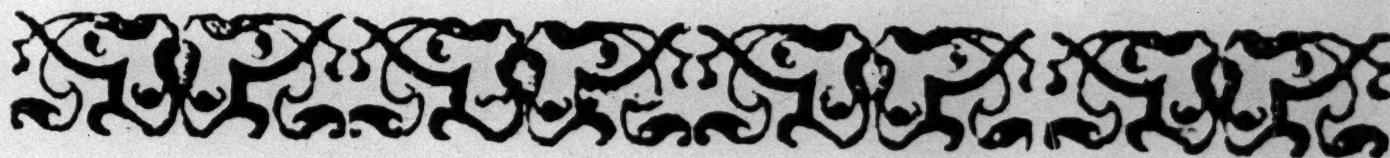


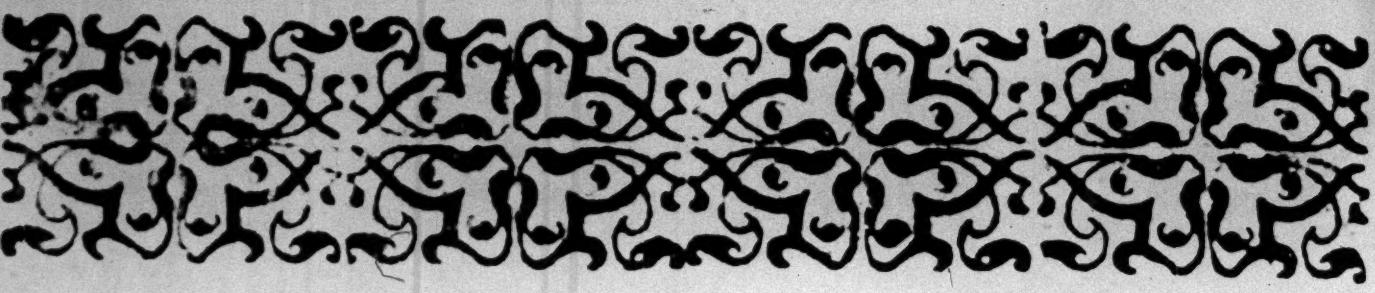
Epigrams.

Ænigma.

THE Court hath got the Citty with Childe,
Which well hath cost their purse,
The Country with it is beguild,
With whom it is at nurse.

There



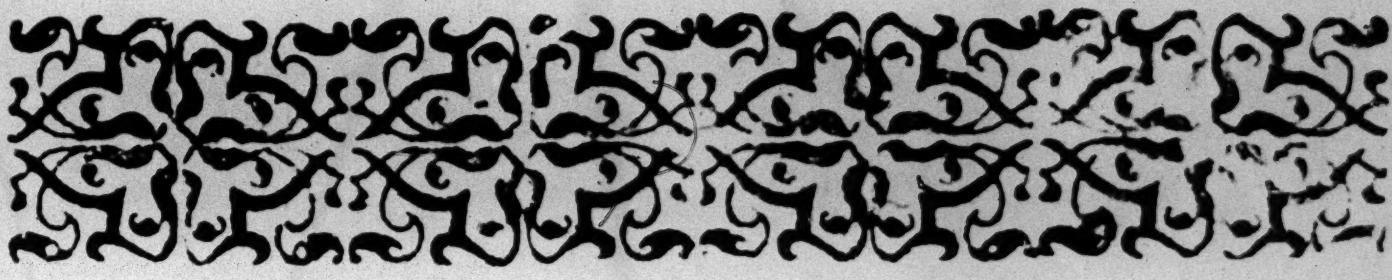


Epigrams.

There is a thing which barkes not, yet doth bite,
Worse then the wildest beast A ()

¶bir-



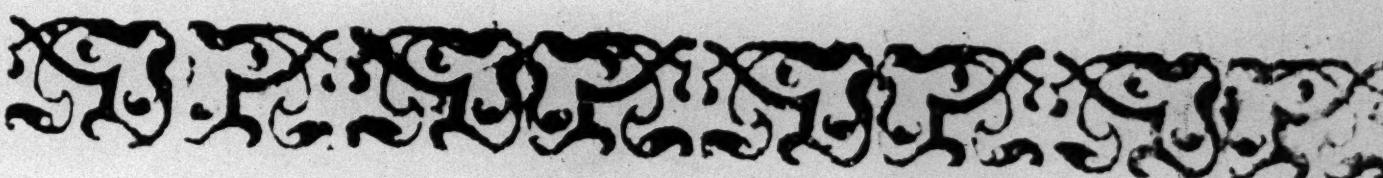


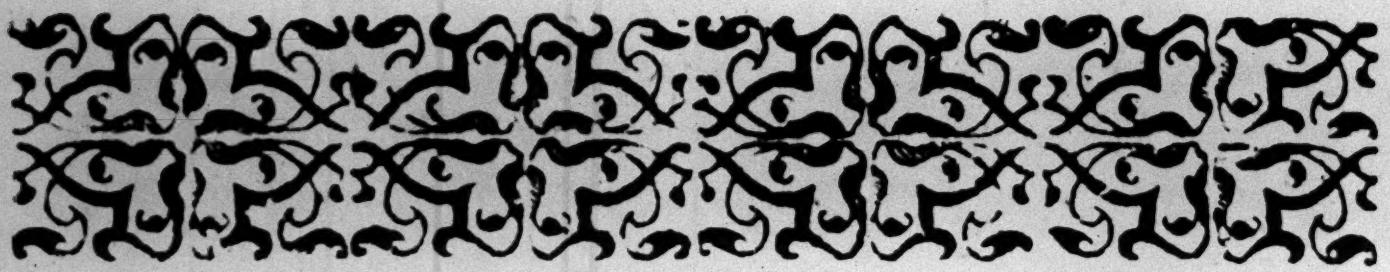
Epigrammes.

37

Phrigio lay bed-rid now lies in his graue,
Look't like a spittleman and worse diseased,
His wife fresh, lusty, stately, gallant, braue,
Yet the same sicknes was on her encreased,
Which she brok't well, and made not such a doc,
As you did Pbrigio yet lay bed-rid to.

Ud.





Epigrames.

An Epita.

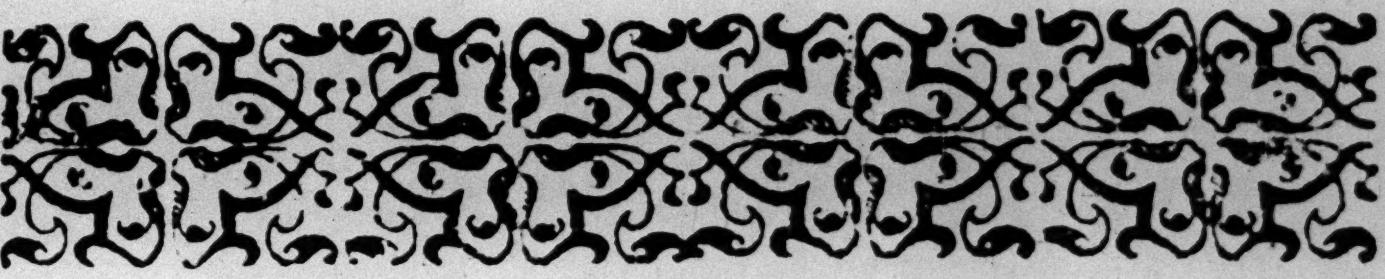
Here lies he knowne to his furd Cloake,
Liu'd like the Salamander by fire and smoake.

38

Mvn has a wife but knowes not how to vse her,
And yet he knowes too wel how to abuse her.

Fi-





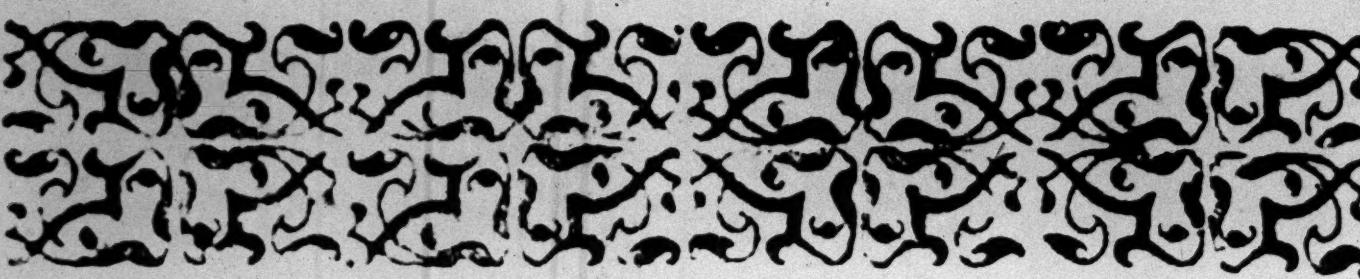
Epigrames.

39

Flcius was fat in body and in purse,
And vnto Sea is gone himselfe to purge,
Some fifteene hundred markes he did disburse,
To receiue three for one, a tempting scourge,
To whip my Gallant vp the surging seas,
And daunce to Venice with a whistling winde,
There to evacuate for stomachs ease,
The home-bred crudities his flesh did bind,
Of him we haue not heard vnto this day,
That I beleue he's purged all away.

Seig-



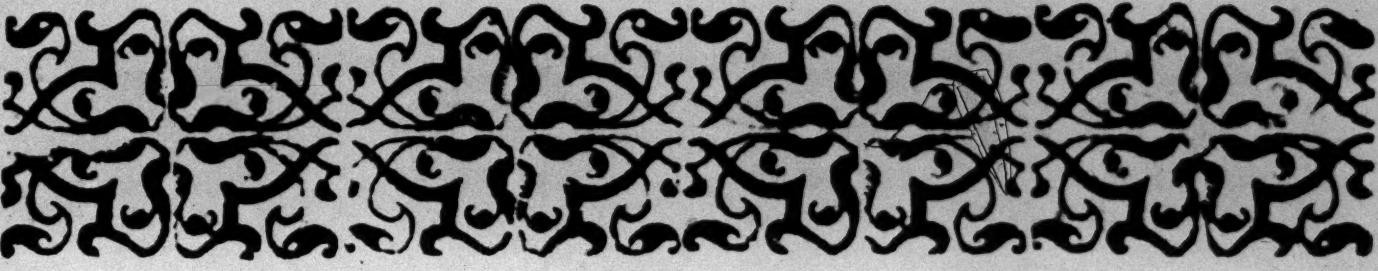


Epigrames.

40.

Eignior Tobacco that braue Caualier,
Came swaggering frō the Tauerne here & there
From wall to kennell, from kennell to the wall,
Was not land roome enough for him to saile,
At last he meetes a Dray-man with his carte,
And much good sport there was ere they did part,
For about wine and beare they did discourse,
Yet he knew not the Brewer from his horse.





Epigrams.

41

A Country man who had some suite belike.

(With a blacke box downe pendant at his side)
Walking from Westminster the stones did strike,
With his naild shooes that euery step did slide,
So came he making legs vp Ludgate hill,
And lookt as if he'd eate what he had seene,
At laft he Ludgate spied and then stood still,
Gaping vpon the picture of the Queene,
The prisoner gan his cry, then he for feare,
Started and askt if there the Lyons were.

D

Sifly





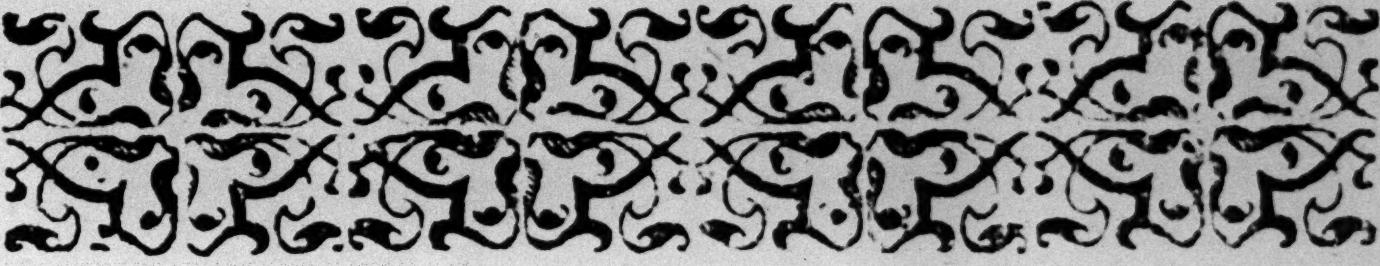
Epigrams.

42

SIsie reports Angels appeare to her,
And comforts her in all extremity,
Nay and besides they do presse neare to her,
Promising aide in great' st calamity,
But this you must suppose they come in night,
For Sisies Angels neuer came in sight.

Syll





Epigrames.

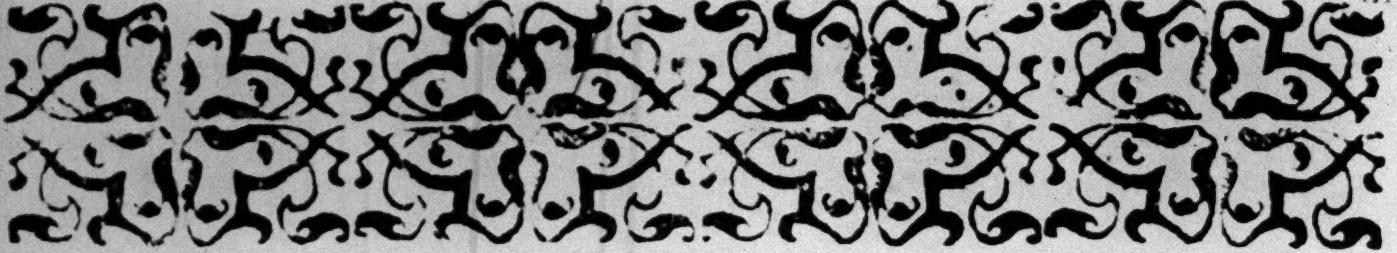
43

Sylla can play on any instrument,
Yet neuer doth she worke her owne content,
The reason is so they that know her say,
Because she giues her minde too much to play.

D 2

Caius





Epigrammes.

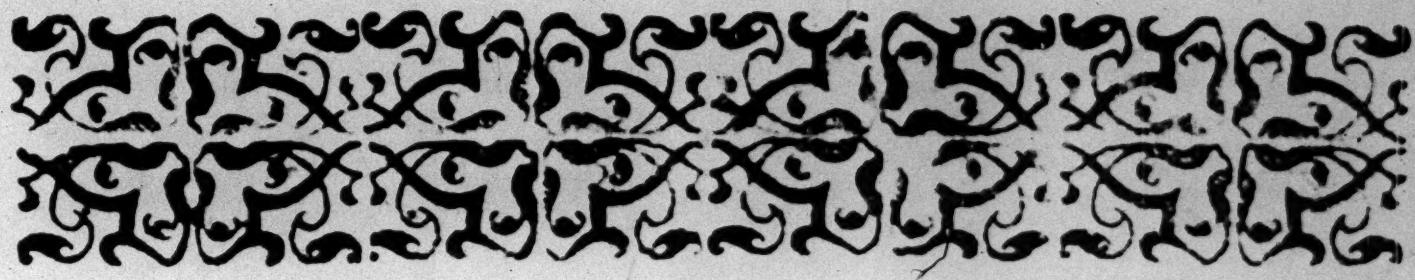
44

Cain thus complements at dinner; sir will you sit
By Iesu; Christ I will not eate a bit,
Vntill you come, but straight doth call for beare,
Then by your faucur sir, please you be here,
What wine do you drinke to aske hele neuer misse,
But hele be sure you shall drinke none of his.

A

I
F
B
B





Epigrammes.

45.

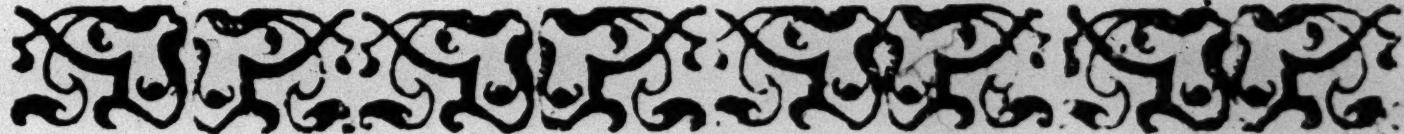
A Wondrous thing, olde Thiro goes a woing,
To shew himselfe a Maid, longs to be doing.

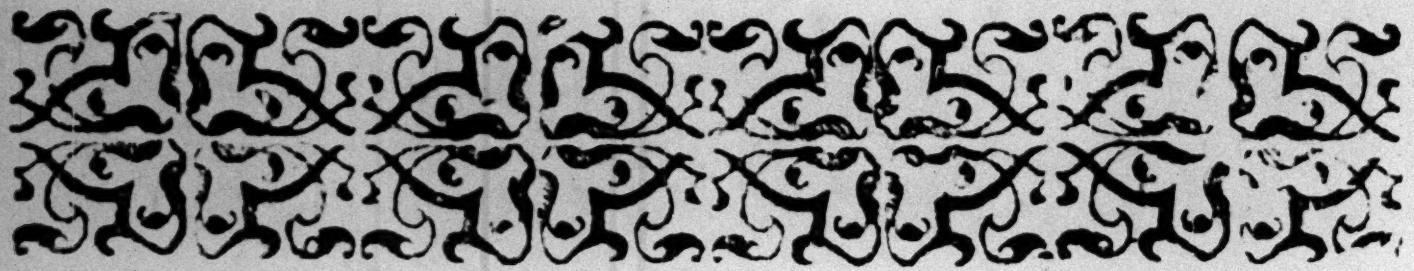
46

Pphantastique Pedants say these Poets are,
The vainest fellowes that liue vpon the earth,
In Platoes Common-wealth they banish'd were,
For ther's no musicke in them nor no mirth,
But whats the reason they thus Poets blame,
Because their dearth of wit requires the same.

D 3

Here





Epigrams.

Epira.

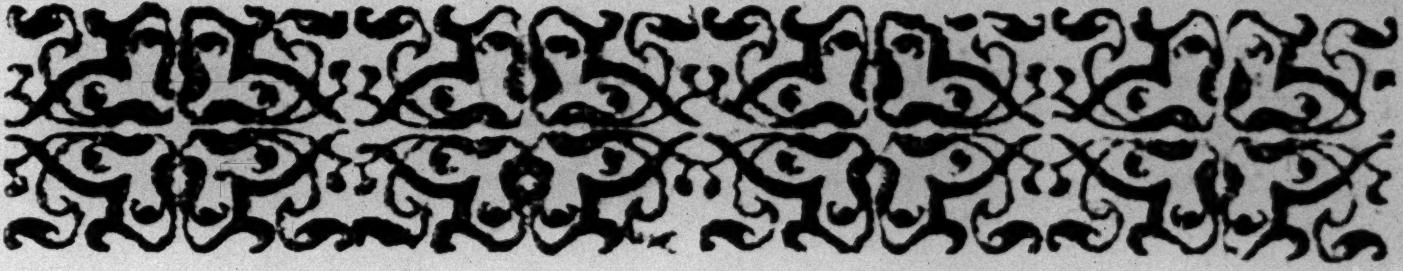
Here lies an Astronomer that studied by the rule
Dyed because the Starres allotted him a foole.

47

I Talkt with *Julia* in good modest phraise,
But she my meanings and my words dispraise,
And in a coynesse thus replies to me,
I am not her you take me sir to be,
Well *Julia*, ile heleeue what you haue said,
But ile besworne I tooke you for a maide.

Va





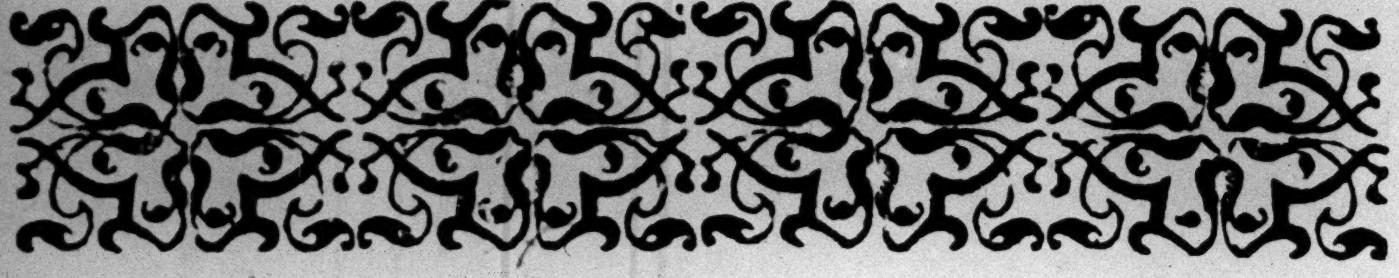
Epigrammes.

48

Clavinus misdoubtes himselfe, sayes that all men,
Doe ride and play vpon him now and then,
Fie Clavinus fie, never make such strife,
Beuer they play on you then on your wife.

Luci-





Epigrammes.

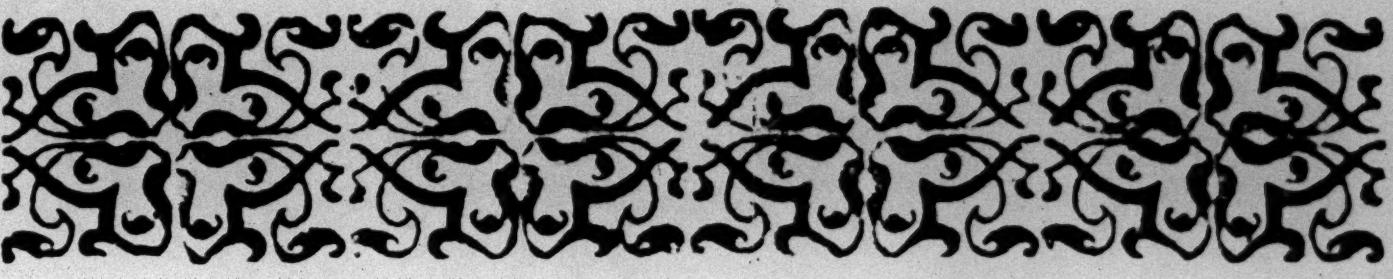
49

LVCINS protesteth his loue blinded sight,
Sees in the darke best by his mistris light,
Or his light mistris, and it well may be,
For light Owles, do by Owle-light clearest see.

When

2





Epigrames.

50

W^Hen Dicke a letter to his ritch vncle writ,
He superscrib'd it to the R. wotshipfull,
Now I knew what he meant and smild at it,
To thinke how he would gul the kings leige people
He would haue writ the word right out at large,
But that he thought was not his vnckles due,
Yet I vpon me tooke for his discharge,
To make it ritch and that I am sure was true,
Judge where I wrong'd him now, or did't on spight
When I am sure he would haue had it right.

Ficus





Epigrams.

53.

Ficus hath lost his nose, but knowes, not how, (ie.
And that seems strange to euery one that knows
My thinkes I see it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cause that he did lose it,
To tell you true Ficus I this suppose,
Twas some French Caniball bit of your nose.

Anto-



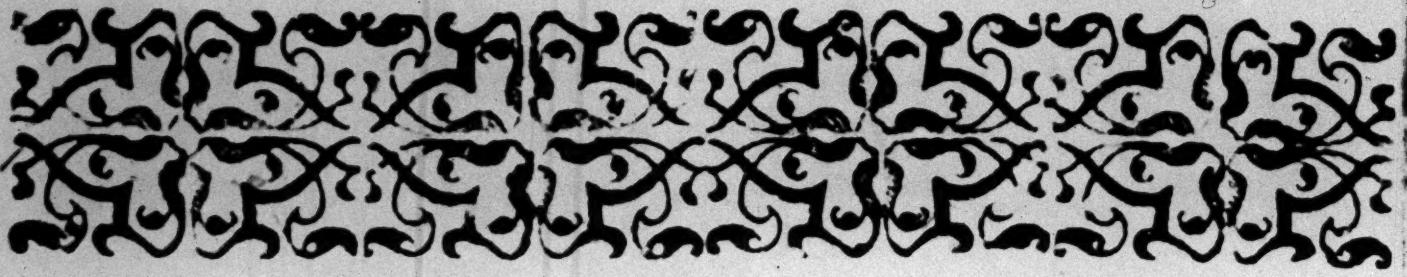
Epigrammes.

52

ANeonio Flora stabd good reason why,
He being a Sculdier she gue him the lie,
And yet the desperate wench would nere restraine,
To give it him till she was stabd againe.

Epigrammes

Ad



Epigrams.

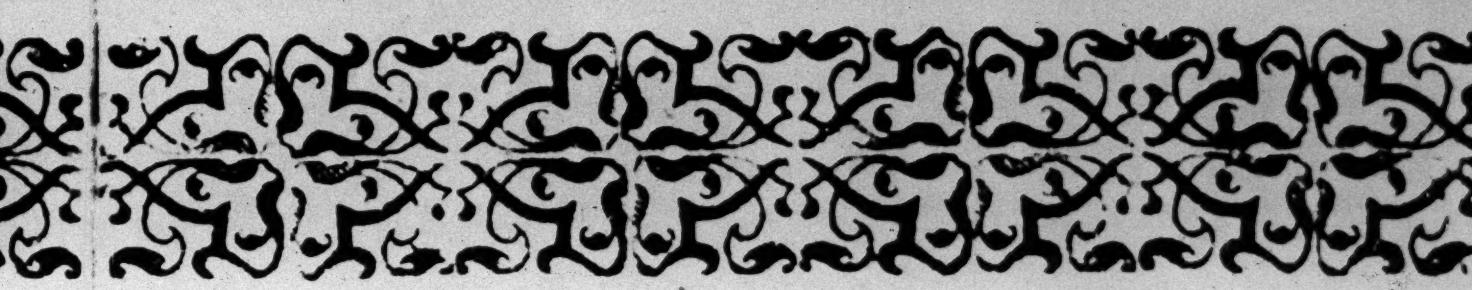
An Epigrame vpon a Booke intituled the *three Sisters, to a new Straine.*

(sence,
F
E
N
V
A
R
C
STraind he not hard (thinke you) that straind such
From the three Sisters in their difference,
To deale with Widdow, Wise, and Maid was paine,
That it was marlē he did not ouerstraine.

Reader I know not how I haue pleas'd thy mind,
With these rude Epigrams haish vnrefind,
But if they be not drest vnto thy taste,
Then blame the Cooke for making too much hast,
Ile ner'e make promise to remaine thy debtor,
But if thou likst them not, would thou hadst better.

FINIS.





Per Ignotum.

Lates anguis in herba.

When perjur'd Exler, with his lawyers bragges,
Had me discarded of my golden bags,
Feeding my minde with hope of victory,
By right of law and Justice equity,
Next terme to Westminster I post in hast,
Where I was thowne & judgement gainst me past,
All things went crosse, I lost the fees and farme,
Rode home to Exler, craud of him to learne
The reason why : bending his angry brow,
O sir quoth he the case is altered now.



No.

Necunscia, Documenta.

LExurio new disdaines lustfull desire, (fire.
For still you know the burnt childe dreades the

In nasum.

NAsus is ritch,indeede I so suppose,
Can he be poore that hath a ruby nose.

Sic Iter ad astra.

INdeed in sooth,away presitian,
Sweare bloody othes,l that becomes a man:
Indeede I see such othes makes many a one,
Come to the height of Buis pionotion.

FINIS.

Wants A1 (? blank). A6. B7. B8.
and ? blank) D8